

Lucky To End Up Here by MCRM CX51

Series: [Stranger Futures \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Domestic Fluff, Established Relationship, F/M, Fluff, Light Angst, M/M, Smut

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Billy and Steve had taken a winding road to end up where they were in the summer of 2000. Things weren't always easy but they always got through them together.

AKA : Steve helps cheer up his husband up in the smuttiest of ways.

Part of "Stranger Futures" series. All stories in the series occur in the same universe but are stand alone works.

1. Chapter One

Author's Note:

Please give me feedback so I know how I'm doing! I'm pretty new at this but I hope you like it. There will be two chapters I think.

part of my Stranger Futures series. You don't have to read the previous work to enjoy this work.

Let me know what ship to do next!

August 2000

Thirty four year old Steve Harrington parked his old wood paneled station wagon in its usual spot in front of the auto shop stepping out and breathing in the salty Venice Beach air. Steve watched as a young girl and her father walked out of the shop and got in their car driving off. He grabbed his surfboard off of the roof and walked toward the open industrial garage door and into the auto shop to find his husband Billy dressed in partly unzipped blue coveralls washing his grease covered hands having just finished servicing cars for the day. Steve walked over to his board rack tucked away in a large storage room off the main office and put his stuff away.

Steve stopped a few feet from where Billy towed his hands dry and bit his lip taking in the way the sweat on Billy's chest glistened. The sunlight gleamed on Billy's wedding ring where he kept it while he worked; on a chain around his neck. Billy took off the chain now and returned the ring to his left ring finger before clasping the empty chain back around his neck, with the medallion he always wore next to it on a thinner chain. The one he never took off except for sports. The one that his mother had given him when she was dying of cancer when Billy was 11.

Steve couldn't help but appreciate how dashing handsome Billy was at 33 with his curly hair cut shorter and wavy; bleached blonder by the sun and he had a goatee of short facial hair. "What Pretty Boy?" Billy asked trying to keep a realistic smile on his face. "Don't look at

me like that when you're over there looking like a friggin snack" Billy said, his words flirty but his eyes showing stifled emotions. Steve didn't think he looked that great at the moment, he was wearing his usual getup for surfing: a pair of board shorts, flip flops, and a tank top. The white of the tank top stood out against his golden tan skin, his hair out of place, messy from the salt water. Steve had finished his accounting and payroll work early today and decided to enjoy a little surfing day. He'd taken up surfing under Billy's excellent instruction when they moved here nearly ten years earlier.

Steve thought back to all those years ago and how complicated things had been and how surprised he was that he and Billy had navigated it well enough to end up here. They had each stumbled into this in dramatically different ways but sharing one core similarity: they were in deep emotional pain at the time.

Steve's source of despair had been fairly obvious; his breakup with Nancy. Finding out a feeling he thought was real was "bullshit" to Nancy made him doubt all his perceptions of how others felt about him and in many ways his own feelings. Matters were only worsened when Nancy and Jonathan publicly became an item a month later. Steve had essentially lost his friends (mostly Tommy) and his status to be with Nancy. Later Steve would come to see that people like Tommy weren't worth his time, but in that moment just before the winter of 84, it stung to be Steve Harrington.

Billy's pain was obvious to only the most astute observers and was well hidden to the rest of the world. What Steve and many others didn't know at the time was that Billy was a victim of abuse. The hurt was inflicted by the one closest to Billy, the person after his Mother who was supposed love him the most. His father wasn't always like this. Neil Hargrove had always been quick of temper but fair ultimately. The death of his wife of fifteen years of cancer, in the course of six months, had broke Mr. Hargrove. Hell it almost broke Billy too.

Things between Billy and his father had escalated when his father had found out last year that Billy liked getting fucked by his best friend James. All it took was one afternoon of carelessness and bad

timing for Mr. Hargrove to find them. Hence his father taking a transfer to Hawkins Indiana and upheaving the entire family from San Diego.

In many ways that fateful fall night when he'd hurt Steve almost permanently, was an emotional expression of pure pain by Billy. Hurt people, hurt, people as the saying goes. It wasn't an excuse but it was a huge piece of context that few fully had. Billy had, even in the worst possible way admittedly, tried to protect Max. You see, Billy knew his dad wasn't just in the stone ages with his beliefs about homosexuality, he was old fashioned when it came to race too. Neil had never been physical with Billy until he'd been outed and he worried that the same fate awaited Max with her interracial relationship.

He knew it didn't excuse parroting a watered down version of his dad's rhetoric to try and scare Max (he realized now how stupid that premise sounded) but he had been 16 and immature but determined; two things that never mix well. Billy knew what he wanted out of life he just didn't know how to accomplish it at the time.

The fall of 84 had been pivotal in Billy's life because of the fight between him and Steve. At that time Mr. Hargrove's abuse of Billy had escalated and Billy found he didn't have to do much of anything to set him off. Billy had progressively been wound tighter and tighter until the tension became too great. When he had showed up at the Byers house looking for Max, to find the object of his deeply repressed desires standing there, it had been a shock.

In his state of shock Billy couldn't contain his urge to flirt with Steve: "Am I dreaming or is that you Harrington?" Billy snarked. Steve looked nonplussed: "Yeah, it's me. Don't cream your pants." Steve's sassy response brought up warring emotions in Billy: desire and fear. It scared the shit out of Billy that Steve might have put his finger on what Billy's true feelings towards Steve were. It felt like the noose was tightening around his neck. His dad was always on him tearing him down and on top of that his super straight crush might be on to the fact that his feelings weren't strictly platonic.

Things had hit a breaking point and Billy had collapsed under the weight of it all and the fallout had hit Steve like a tsunami. Lost in rage Billy had hit Steve's beautiful face again and again. He'd been sick for days after remembering what he'd done. He'd woken up on the floor of the Byers' place alone with a puncture wound in his neck. He'd curled up in a ball and sobbed before dragging himself off the floor. Steve had avoided Billy since then, only seeing him at basketball practice and never allowing himself to be alone with him. Steve didn't need to speak to him, Billy's fists had already done plenty of talking.

That had all gone to shit when during the team vote for captains. Steve (the player of most seniority on the team) and Billy (the best player on the team) had tied as top vote getters. Coach Chuck quote "wasn't in the business of choosing sides" and decided the two could be co-captains. Steve hated every second of the first few weeks of that season. Steve still internally flinched whenever he saw Billy, remembering the intense violence of that night. For Billy though it was easier to dive into this forced friendship headfirst. The guilt at what he'd done was eating him alive and he needed to mend things with Steve even if it took all year.

Towards mid January Billy finally got Steve alone in the locker room and he had to seize his chance. "Wait! Steve!" Billy said from the doorway to the locker room. Billy saw the defiant look Steve was trying to give off, but in those brown eyes he saw the truth: Steve was scared of him. "I don't know how to do this Harrington but I'm so sorry for what I did two months ago. It's inexcusable and I know that." Billy said nervously pushing his curly hair behind his ear. Steve looked at him and Billy was taken aback yet again by the contradiction between his handsome jawline and his soft doe like brown eyes.

Steve's silence terrified Billy and he began to stutter anxiously. "I...I..I" Billy cleared his throat and tried to compose himself. "I took so many things that weren't your fault out on you that night." Steve looked confused and irritated by this explanation and Billy knew then that he'd have to start telling pieces of the truth. "Me and my dad we don't get along well at all, he's been really quick to explode at me since my mom died." Billy looked down at his boots afraid to even

look at Steve, and picked at his cuticles his tough facade was showing cracks. Steve became alarmed then, he'd never seen this vulnerable side of Billy before and he didn't want to scare him away just yet.

Unfortunately Billy saw the surprised look on Steve's face and mistook it for something else entirely. Billy saw Steve's face and he thought he saw fear; like the kind his dad had inflicted on him, only now Billy was the one causing it. Billy broke down, eyes watering, hands going to cover his face, as he bent his knees sliding down the lockers crumpling into a seated position. His shoulders shook as sobs wracked his body. Steve ran over to where Billy sat and slid in next to him putting a hand on his shoulder patting it reassuringly. "Hey hey, Billy it's ok...what's going on? I can't help you unless I know more." Steve felt lost but he was doing the best he could to navigate the situation.

Billy took a few heaving breaths before explaining the history of abuse between him and his father. The only thing Billy left out was the part about James. He couldn't risk outing himself like that. When he was all done he stopped to finally process what was happening. Steve was rubbing gentle circles on his shoulders with both of his hands and Billy almost couldn't contain his flush of excitement knowing Steve was willing put his hands on him. "I forgive you" Steve sighed. "As long as you never get aggressive like that ever again." Steve paused like he was trying to remember something before adding "and you have to apologize to the kids especially Lucas." Steve looked at Billy sternly and Billy swallowed loudly feeling like there was a lump in his throat.

"Ok" Billy nodded begrudgingly "I can do that....I don't hate Lucas you know. I'm trying to protect Max from my Dad; I'm scared if he found out about her and the kid it would make her a target." Billy gave a shuddering sigh. "I just want Max to be happy and safe that's all". Billy finished earnestly hands falling to his sides to emphasize his point. Steve smiled at him softly and said "I understand, that's how I feel about all those brats but especially Dustin." Billy chuckled and shook his head as they exited the locker room together he chimed in: "If that's the one I'm thinking of then good luck I think you'll need it." Steve landed a solid but joking blow to Billy's arm in outrage while they both laughed.

A beautiful friendship had formed from there because it turned out at the time they'd both desperately needed a friend. Billy was still really new to Hawkins and Steve had lost his friends (except for Dustin) when he'd lost his popularity. Steve and Billy started hanging out outside of practice and school, sometimes with Max, Dustin, and the rest of "The Party". Billy's apology to "The Party" had been coldly received by all but Eleven initially. Eleven being the most observant and emotionally adept, immediately saw how multi-faceted Billy was. She also sensed his deep emotional pain. From then on Billy and Eleven had a special bond, both of them having been hurt by the father figure in their lives. As for the others Billy was able to prove to them in time that he was a good person. Lucas was the last to come around but once he saw how much Billy loved Maxine, related by blood or not. If you loved Max you were alright in Lucas' book.

Honestly Billy was one of the best friends Steve had ever had. Billy was actually incredibly kind, witty, curious, and surprisingly given his bad boy ethos, cautious. In the beginning of their friendship Billy had worked hard to suppress his attraction to Steve. But as their friendship had progressed Steve had gotten handsier. It had started with innocent punches on the shoulder or mussing of his hair. But it had progressed into wrestling in Steve's living room and rough housing in the jacuzzi. Eventually one day in April after walking into Steve's house from soaking outside; Steve had tackled Billy. They'd rolled over like a log and Steve had landed on top of Billy.

Billy had pinched Steve's ribs lightly and Steve had flinched laughing loudly. When Steve finally stopped he had looked down at Billy and Billy had froze. Billy stared up nervously at Steve watching the way Steve's wet eyelashes brushed against Steve's cheeks every time he blinked. He watched as Steve's eyes flashed between Billy's eyes and Billy's lips. Until Steve finally stopped, leaned in and kissed Billy.

At first Billy had wanted to freeze but his body knew what his heart wanted and went into auto pilot. Billy's hands quickly snapped up to gently cup Steve's face and keep him there. Steve let out what what sounded like a quiet growl before sucking Billy's lower lip into his mouth. Billy moaned arching his back rubbing himself against Steve's thigh. Steve leaned in sucking on Billy's neck lightly so as not to

leave any marks. Billy keened relishing the feeling of their bare chests touching. Hooking his leg around Steve's, Billy flipped them over and ground down into Steve's cock. He felt himself stiffen more when he felt how hard Steve was. Billy brushed his hand over Steve's tented swim trunks and when he heard the sound Steve let out, he felt a surge of confidence.

Billy latched onto Steve's collar bone and sucked while one of his hands slid under the waist of Steve's trunks and wrapped around his long cock. Steve had reached between them and into Billy's shorts. The feeling of Steve's long fingers curling around the girth of his cock took Billy's breath away. They'd laid like that their foreheads pressed together lips brushing against each other in between pants and moans. They'd came within seconds of each other swallowing the others moans as they kissed desperately. That night Billy had told Steve the truth about why the Hargrove's (and a Mayfield) had left California. In return Steve tried to explain the upside-down and demogorgons assuring Billy that

Eleven could show him. Steve also divulged another secret, one he'd been keeping from everyone.

You see, what Billy didn't know was that throughout late winter and early spring Steve had been having an internal crisis. Suddenly one day in Calculus (the only class Billy and Steve shared since Billy was a Junior and Steve a Senior) Steve found himself staring at the way the sunlight streaming through the window, glinted off of Billy's golden curls. His bright blue eyes were accentuated by a dusting of barely there freckles. Billy's supple lips opened as he resumed absentmindedly chewing on his pencil's eraser. In that moment Steve realized that in many ways he was pining after Billy in a manner not unlike how he used to look at Nancy. He felt his stomach drop and he thought he was going to hurl from the sudden flip in his worlds axis. He'd asked to be excused from class to use the restroom. Steve had spent the rest of the period in a bathroom stall coming to the realization he might not be straight. Steve had tried to resist his feelings but gradually he found himself acting out in tiny ways, he could tell he was subconsciously trying to find excuses to touch and flirt with Billy and passing it off in a platonic way. Finally on that spring day Steve's resolve had broke and looking into Billy's eyes right before he kissed him, Steve could swear Billy felt more too.

The rest was history as they say but not an easy one. Billy and Steve had admitted that afternoon that they had feelings for each other. Unlike with Nancy it wasn't a moment of public triumph. They'd have to keep what was going on between them a secret it was 1985 in conservative Indiana, that and Billy's father was an obvious problem. They had managed to keep their relationship a secret from everyone successfully for the rest of Steve's Senior year. Until that summer when Nancy had come over to return one of Steve's records she'd found in her room and walked through the side gate into the yard to find Steve making out with Billy rather enthusiastically in the pool.

Once her initial shock wore off she was very accepting of the whole thing and soon her and Jonathan were fast friends with Billy. Steve was going to stay in Hawkins and study at the local community college while he figured out what he wanted to do with his life. They'd managed to keep it a secret for the rest of the year until one day Billy had been so wrapped up in Steve that he had forgotten to get Max from the arcade.

Mr. Hargrove wanted answers and Billy hadn't prepared for that level of interrogation. He'd cracked under pressure and admitted the truth to his parents: he was on a date with Steve and he'd lost track of time. The next thing Billy remembered was coming to laying on the family room floor with Susan Hargrove and Hopper looking down on him. Neil Hargrove had cold cocked Billy his own son, right in the jaw. His cheekbone and eye socket were already turning black and blue. Susan had called the police and Neil was sitting handcuffed in the back of Hopper's car. That was the day Susan decided to divorce Neil. Billy was left under Susan's care until he turned 18 later that spring. At that point Steve and Billy were out to their friends and family but not Hawkins at large.

Billy graduated later that year (along with Jonathan and Nancy) and decided to stay with Steve in Hawkins and attend a one year auto mechanic training course while Steve finished his last year at the community college. Steve was studying business and was preparing to apply to transfer into a four year college. Steve was, much to his mother's dismay, only applying to schools in Southern California. Steve knew Billy would never truly be happy in Hawkins and Steve at

this point would honestly be happy anywhere as long as Billy was there. Steve noticed when studying topics he found practical he got amazing grades and he was able to get into the business program at USC. Billy hadn't believed his great fortune that, one: Steve wanted to stay with him and two: he was willing to move across the country to make him happy.

Together Steve and Billy had road tripped out to California and began a new life, Steve as a student and Billy working as a mechanic in an auto shop in Culver City. After two years Steve graduated and went off to work a finance job downtown. Steve hated every second of that job but it paid incredibly well and allowed him to save up the money he needed to surprise Billy with an idea he'd been entertaining for a while, basically the four years since he'd graduated college. They'd been sitting together on the sofa eating Chinese food out of takeout containers. Steve couldn't help smiling at Billy wearing Steve's slightly too big (even for him) USC sweatshirt Steve being a couple inches taller than Billy.

Even though they'd been together just under 4 years Steve was still nervous, Billy never responded well to feeling cornered and he didn't want this gesture to feel like some kind of forced arrangement. "Babe" Steve said swallowing nervously. Billy's eyes snapped up to meet Steve's as he quickly swallowed his bite of noodles. "Love, what's wrong?" Billy asked worry written all over his face. Shit that was not what Steve had wanted. "Everything's fine I promise nothing bad is happening I swear." Steve said earnestly. Billy's shoulders relaxed and Steve couldn't help but smile seeing that and he felt ready to continue.

"As you know I have a fairly sizable income and sharing this apartment among other things has really helped me save a lot of money. I've been thinking about this for a while now: I know how you've always dreamed of having your own shop, and you know I hate my job." Steve put his container of Black Pepper Beef down on the coffee table and began nervously wringing his hands. "Baby just tell me, please" Billy pleaded. "Ok" Steve paused before rushing it out all as one word: "I bought an old auto shop in Venice Beach and the two floors of office and living space above it." The way Steve said it almost made it sound like a question. Billy put down his food and

turned back to Steve. Billy was staring at him with warm wet eyes that made Steve feel like he was going to self combust. Billy had tackled Steve to the couch kissing him all over his face.

Steve knew Billy dreamed of going back to Venice where he'd grown up. He also knew Billy dreamed of having his own shop, so this was everything Billy could've wanted. With Steve's help they'd began to take the steps towards opening their own business. Both Billy and Steve had quit their jobs and moved into the apartment above the shop. Billy hired on a couple other mechanics as Steve handled the front of house and business side of things. Eventually they hired someone to work the front desk and Steve ran the business full time. Their shop "H&H Motors" had originally stood for Hargrove & Harrington but since their marriage last year had covertly stood for Harrington & Harrington. Billy had jumped at the chance to share a surname with the gorgeous man who loved him instead of his abusive father.

Billy's shop had taken off and he now had one of the most respected detailing shops on the West Coast. Steve had swooped up a prime piece of real estate. They were in a great neighborhood only 4 blocks from the ocean and they'd converted all of the upstairs into their living space giving them a ton of room for friends, family, and lately as they'd been talking about, kids. Steve had always wanted kids but Billy hadn't come around to them until he spent time with Nancy's son Robbie. The little guy had pretty much adored Billy from the moment he met him 4 years ago (when he was only 2 months old, he'd given Billy his first ever smile). A year ago Billy and Steve had applied to adopt both domestically and abroad that they were waiting to see which, if any of their applications went through.

Ever since they'd submitted the applications Billy had seemed preoccupied with the adoption stuff. Billy hadn't seemed like his old self again until about 3 months ago when Max had given birth to her first child with Lucas, a sweet little girl named Maya. Billy absolutely adored being an uncle and saw his niece at least once a week. Lately though Billy had seemed down again. Two weeks ago they'd found out that their American application had been denied leaving only the international option open. Both of them had taken it hard knowing discrimination was at play here but as things were there was only so

much they could do about it.

That was what brought them to this moment with Billy trying to flirt through the pain to distract from his current dark mood, but Steve knew Billy too well. Steve walked toward Billy pinning him to his work bench with his body his arms caging Billy in on either side. He kissed Billy's cheek and then nuzzled it gently. "Babe it's too early to be so defeated" Billy held his jaw clenched tight, head turned from Steve to hide his watering eyes. Even though Steve was the only person Billy would cry in front of, he still hated doing it. Steve was the only person he'd let see him like this. "I...never knew how much I'd want this kind of life until I knew I could have it with you." Billy said voice breaking with emotion towards the end as a tear he'd fought to keep back fell down his cheek. Steve kissed the tear away and then reached up his right hand grabbing Billy's hair at the nape of his neck and kissed him passionately sucking Billy's bottom lip into his mouth as he pulled away.

"I want that too Billy more than you know" Steve said pressing his forehead against Billy's. "I fully believe we'll have it too, it just might take some time" Steve said gently. Steve knew Billy wanted to adopt more than just about anything. He wanted to be an amazing father, the kind Billy had always wanted Neil to be. Billy sighed looking up at Steve putting his hands on both sides of Steve's face and smiling, his eyes still a little glassy he said firmly "I love you so damn much". Steve reached for the remote on the bench behind Billy, to close the industrial garage doors. As he heard the motor kick on and the doors grind closed, Steve reached down and began unzipping Billy's coveralls. "Now I can think of a couple of ways to pass the time while we wait" Steve smirked kissing at Billy's creamy collar bone working his way down to the golden hair scattered across Billy's chest.

"You're so gorgeous" Steve breathed out reverently cause Billy to groan and bite his bottom lip in ecstasy not sure if he should let himself go or ask that they move this upstairs. Steve sensed this and moved his lips up to Billy's ear "Wanna take this to our bedroom" Steve whispered seductively. Billy nodded and Steve lead him up the 3 flights of stairs to their bedroom. Steve closed the door and stripped Billy out of his shoes and coveralls leaving him in a pair of

boxers, a pair of basketball shorts, and some socks. Steve pushed Billy back onto their bed gently and kissed his chin before stepping back to stand at the foot of their bed.

Steve reached down grabbed the tank he was wearing and shucked it off. Billy groaned loudly now that they were in the privacy of their room the sight of Steve's ab's causing his blood to simmer with lust. "You're the gorgeous one" Billy grumbled sweetly, motioning for Steve to come back to him on the bed. "I was driven to distraction thinking about you today, last night was incredible" Billy sighed. Steve smirked remembering it was one of the special nights where he let Billy fuck him. Normally Steve would fuck Billy, but they had a healthy and varied sex life. Coming with Billy's dick inside him was almost too much for Steve but he knew it drove Billy insane to know he could make Steve come no hands required.

"Were you now?" Steve chuckled and shucked off his swim trunks baring his half hard cock. He crawled up to Billy's lips and kissed him delving his tongue into Billy's mouth as he ground his cock into Billy's hip. He kissed his way over to Billy's ear and whispered softly "I want to blow you....please?" He begged. Billy huffed out a shaky breath moaning wantonly, in their fifteen years together Steve had gotten supremely skilled at sucking dick. Billy managed a nod and Steve laughed softly and kissed his way down to the line of hair trailing into Billy's shorts. Steve pulled Billy's shorts and boxers down and Billy kicked them off along with his socks.

Steve smirked and kissed the tip of Billy's semi-hard dick listening to him hiss and watching his erection jump in excitement. Steve kissed the inside of Billy's thigh while stroking Billy's dick. Steve was longer than Billy but Billy was incredibly thick. Steve leaned down sucking one of Billy's balls into his mouth while stroking faster. Billy grunted his approval as Steve moved to the other. Steve then licked up the underside tongue laving against the bulging vein. Billy moaned as Steve sucked gently on the tip, tongue stroking against the slit at the top. Steve worked his way down using his hand to stroke the length his mouth couldn't reach. "Jesus" Billy groaned. Steve hummed happily and brought his other hand to Billy's balls fondling them as he sucked and stroked. Billy whimpered at the vibrations his toes curling and digging into the sheets.

Steve looked up through his lashes at Billy who looked down at him eyes glazed. He sucked harder trying to take all of Billy in. Billy watched himself disappear into Steve's mouth feeling himself hitting the back of Steve's throat. "Fuuuuuuuuuuckkkkk" Billy grunted coming heavily down Steve's throat. Steve stroked him through his orgasm before pulling off and swallowing. He crawled up Billy's body taking in Billy's flushed face and chest and the soft way he chanted over and over again "Steve, Steve, oh god".

Steve smiled kissing Billy's temple "I love you so much". Billy smiled back responding "I love you more" he smirked. Steve threw his head back and laughed "No way that's impossible" he laced his fingers with Billy's". "Now go shower I'll go make us dinner" Steve smiled getting up to throw on some sweatpants and a t-shirt. Billy looked concerned and suddenly Steve got it: "Don't worry about me babe we can take care of this" he palmed himself lewdly, "after dinner". Billy muffled his laugh in the pillows and Steve wouldn't have traded that moment for anything.

2. Two

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy wake up a year later and some big changes have occurred in their lives. Steve and Billy have their moments of doubt but they always weather the storm. This is a ton of domestic fluff because I love these two.

Notes for the Chapter:

Comments and kudos are much appreciated! I'd love some feedback or some prompt ideas for this pairing or other ST ships!

November 2001

Billy tilted his head and kissed Steve softly once, twice, three times not caring about that Steve hadn't had a chance to brush his teeth. Steve had come up behind Billy as he'd leaned over to spit out the mouthwash that was burning on his tongue. Steve's hands wound around Billy's narrow hips as Steve's sleepy lips kissed patterns onto Billy's neck. Billy turned around in Steve's arms looking into Steve's sleep hazy brown eyes. "Brush your teeth and take a shower baby, I'll go wake up Dylan and get him dressed." Billy said softly reaching out to gently rub Steve's smooth cheek with his thumb. Steve turned at the last second and kissed Billy's palm. Billy smiled warmly and turned to walk out of their master bathroom.

He walked down the hall to the sunny nursery painted a light shade of yellow. As he peered into the room he couldn't help the smile that lit up his face. Dylan was standing up in his crib clinging onto the rail sucking his thumb clearly waiting for one of his dads to wake up. When he saw Billy peek around the corner his eyes lit up he reached out to him little fists opening and closing. Dylan smiled his crooked little teeth showing as he said "Baba up". He called Billy BaBa; a contraction it seemed of Billy/Papa. Steve was Da or DaDa.

Two year old Dylan was the newest addition to the Harrington clan.

Against all odds they'd gotten a call in December of last year, from their international adoption agent saying they had been matched with a darling 16 month old Korean boy. Steve had been the one to get the call that fateful Thursday morning.

Steve was lounging in his pajamas sipping on a mug of black coffee. He'd slept in that day but Billy got up early as usual and opened up shop. When the shrill ring filled the living room Steve lunged and grabbed the phone off it's cradle. "Hello Harrington residence Steve speaking" he chimed feeling the caffeine kicking in. A light feminine voice rang out from the other end: "Hello Steve it's me Dolores from AAI. I'm calling because we've had a development in your case with us."

Steve felt like his stomach had dropped through the floor two stories down into the auto shop. "Oh great!" Steve said mustering up a false sense of cheerfulness. He knew it was hypocritical of him since he was always telling Billy how certain he was that they'd be parents. But hearing her tone in that moment and knowing how long they waited he couldn't help himself when he started preparing for the worst.

"So we recently contacted one of the orphanages we work with in South Korea and they actually have a little 15 month old boy who needs a loving home. We think you and Billy would be a perfect fit for him." Dolores finished perkily. Steve felt his grip on his coffee mug slip for a second and he caught himself at the last minute. "That's amazing news!" Steve exclaimed into the phone at a slightly inappropriate volume, but he was too excited to care. "I've just sent you an email with more information. Would both you and Billy be able to come to Boseong in January? We'd need you to stay a few weeks to bond but then you'd be able to take little Jin Soo home." Dolores added. Steve nodded forgetting she couldn't see him. "Yes yes yes! We could easily do that since we run our own business." Steve said barely containing his joy to acceptable levels. "Great, let me know if you have any questions about the email otherwise I'll be in touch soon." Dolores finished. Steve thanked her and hung up,

rushing to their computer in Steve's home office.

He opened the email and perused through noticing an attachment but not opening it. It was a photo of their soon to be son and Steve wanted him and Billy to experience seeing him for the first time together. Billy was downstairs working in the shop and the wheels in Steve's head started turning. Steve despite his player reputation in high school, had quite the romantic side, all he needed was someone to bring it out.

Ever since they'd submitted their applications over a year ago, Steve had been keeping an expensive bottle of champagne in the freezer. He'd said he was saving it for the day they got "the call so they could celebrate the good news" and that day was finally here. Billy had rolled his eyes at Steve's certainty but secretly found it heart meltingly endearing. Steve quickly put together a plan in his head and got moving. He was going to sweep Billy off his feet tonight.

Steve showered, quickly threw on some jeans, a polo shirt, and boat shoes and hustled down the stairs into the shop. Billy was touching up the edges of a design he'd hand painted around the headlights of a customer's Mustang when Steve approached. Billy set his brush down and got up walking over to Steve. "Good morning beautiful" Steve said fingers playing with the wedding ring on a chain around Billy's neck before trailing up to his chin and pulling Billy in for a delicate but passionate kiss. "Hey baby, Good Morning!" Billy said sweetly while wrapping his arms around Steve's waist and kissing his jawline softly.

At this point Billy and Steve's employees were like family, they begrudgingly put up with the occasional moment of PDA. Steve was never one to deny himself anything and Billy felt that after having to hide himself for so fucking long he shouldn't have to hide anymore. He wanted the world to know that this caring, funny, smart (despite what Steve himself or others may believe), tanned hunk, had chosen to spend the rest of his life.....and his name with one Billy formerly Hargrove.

Steve pulled back and looked into Billy's eyes: "You,me date night tonight? We don't have to go anywhere if you don't want to it's up to you, but I still want to do something special." Billy looked slightly

confused but quickly adjusted his face into a smile.”Ok” Billy started. “You can cook dinner and....” Billy paused leaning in to Steve’s ear before finishing: “we can take a bath together, but I don’t plan on us getting very clean.” Billy’s tone was cloying and oh so sexy. Steve shivered loving every word coming out of his husbands mouth.

“Yessssss” Steve groaned quietly into Billy’s cheek, before they separated completely. “I’m going to head to the store, when do you think you’ll wrap up today?” Steve said jingling the keys in his pocket. “I should be done by 5:30” Billy said returning to his paint brush. Steve nodded and walked out the garage door to his car.

Steve went to the store picking up groceries and a few other surprises. When he returned home he snuck up into their living space through the back door; carrying a grocery bag and flowers precariously up the stairs. Steve placed the flowers in a vase on the dining room table and cleaned up around the house. Once it got closer to 5:30, Steve retreated to the kitchen to start on prepping ingredients to cook Billy’s favorite meal: fish tacos.

Steve was filleting the fish when Billy walked through the entryway to the kitchen with paint and grease smudged on his arms and even parts of his face. “You’re done early” Steve smiled stopping to aim a handsome smile Billy’s way as Billy approached the kitchen island. Billy sighed sounding exhausted but content: “Yeah, the guys were efficient today.” Steve began to lean over wanting to place a kiss on Billy’s cheek but Billy dodged him. “ I know we’re taking a bath later, but I’m going to take a quick shower. I’m disgusting right now and I don’t want you to share a romantic evening with a sentient ball of motor oil.” Billy quipped. Steve snorted laughing out loud but secretly thinking he’d take Billy any way he could have him. “Ok babe. Don’t worry we have plenty of time”. Steve assured returning to cooking.

About half an hour later Billy entered the living space again wearing jeans and a v-neck shirt. Steve could’ve jumped Billy then and there especially with the way his ass looked in those jeans. He couldn’t help how his heart sped up when he saw Billy exuding his devastatingly handsome James Dean esque swagger. “I feel like a new man” Billy exhaled happily. “Good” Steve chuckled “because dinners ready. Have a seat in the dining room I’ll bring everything to

the table.”

Billy began to walk into the dining room where two places were set and flowers lay at the center of the table. Billy felt his heart soar at the effort Steve put in. He heard Steve’s voice coming closer approaching the dining room from the kitchen. “Before we eat I suppose you should know why we’re celebrating” Steve rounded the corner as he finished that sentence. Steve was carrying an envelope, two champagne flutes, and an ice bucket containing the fancy bottle of alcohol that had been shoved in the back of their freezer for months on end.

Billy started to put everything together and it looked like he’d stopped breathing for a second. Steve placed everything on the table and reached for the champagne bottle and popping the cork. He then skillfully filled both champagne flutes. “What do you know!?” Billy said fear creeping into his voice. Steve felt his hands shake as he sat down across from Billy placing his hand on top of Billy’s palm resting on the table. He began to trace the lines across it steeling himself before looking up into Billy’s crystal clear blue eyes and then lacing their fingers together.

“We got a call this morning from Dolores our case worker at AAI” Steve felt Billy’s hand clench in his. Steve could feel the hot wet heaviness of tears forming in his eyes. He needed to hurry up and finish he didn’t want Billy to think it was bad news. “She called to inform us that an orphanage in South Korea has a 15 month old boy that they think would be a great fit for us.” Steve’s voice began to get watery and break towards the end as Billy let out a choked sob tears finally escaping.

“You’re serious?” Billy asked almost begging, two wet trails winding down his cheeks. Steve grabbed the envelope “She sent me an email with more information. They want us to fly out for a few weeks in January and then take him home.” Steve said hopefully. Billy nodded smiling brightly. “What’s this?” Billy asked motioning towards the envelope in his hand. “She sent a picture. I haven’t looked at it yet I wanted to wait and look with you.” More tears began flowing from Billy’s eyes. “I copied it to a flash drive and asked the guy at Kinkos to print it out and put it in an envelope for me” Steve said bashfully. Billy wanted to lunge across the table and kiss Steve, there were no

limits to how thoughtful his husband could be. "Can we open it now?" Billy asked desperately. Steve moved to the chair next to Billy and handed him the envelope. "You do the honors" Steve said placing the hand not holding the envelope, around Billy's waist.

Billy inhaled a deep breath and carefully opened the envelope pulling out a photo of a rosy cheeked pale olive skinned baby. The little boys dark brown eyes shined with joy and his black hair was tousled and adorably messy. His smile lit up his little face and an obvious cleft palate repair scar was evident on his upper lip. Steve's heart leapt into his throat and he waited to see how Billy responded.

"He's perfect" Billy sobbed with what appeared to be tears of joy. Steve held onto Billy saying softly into his temple: "I agree babe, our son is perfect". Billy gently placed the photo down and turned grabbing Steve's face. "You brilliant brilliant man. You were right." Billy pressed a long but chaste kiss to Steve's lips. Steve blushed from his ears to his neck, deciding to keep his moment of doubt this morning to himself. "I'm just a naive optimist" Steve grinned getting up from his seat and retreating to the kitchen.

Steve came back out with dinner on a serving tray. Steve tried to focus on the food and conversation as Billy trailed his foot up Steve's calf to his inner thigh and groin. Billy finished his last bite of dinner smirking knowingly. Steve let out a shuddering breath he didn't know he was holding standing from the the table and grabbing Billy pulling his body flush against his. Billy felt Steve's plush lips press against the spot above his ear and below his temple. "I want you in that bathroom...now" Steve groaned that last word dipping to to nibble on the lobe of Billy's ear. Billy chuckled and turned starting to walk towards their master suite. Steve grabbed the champagne and their glasses and joined Billy in the bathroom. Billy was running the water in their huge jetted tub, leaning over to add a bit of scented bubble bath.

Steve came up behind Billy and put the champagne down on the edge of the tub then moved his hands to Billy's waist. Billy shuddered as Steve's hands roamed under the hem of his shirt dancing across the firm planes of his stomach. Billy turned to face His husband and allowed Steve's hands to slowly peel his T-shirt off. Billy balled up his fists in Steve's polo shirt sucking at Steve's neck as Steve's hands

slipped to cup Billy's spectacular ass. Steve groaned as Billy pulled his polo shirt off and grazed his nipples with a wicked smile on his face.

Billy kissed down Steve's tanned chest licking and kissing at every memorized freckle and mole. Billy could feel all the blood in his body rushing south as he found himself eye level with the bulge in Steve's jeans. Billy reached to turn the water off before turning to undo Steve's jeans and pull them roughly down his legs. Steve's eyes looked down at Billy radiating a lustful heat as Billy brushed his nose and then lips up the solid length in Steve's boxers. Steve inhaled shakily as Billy pulled his boxers down and his length sprung free against his stomach.

Billy licked his lips reaching one hand up to caress the trail of hair leading towards Steve's impressive erection while his other hand cradled Steve's balls. Steve whimpered as he watched the head of his cock disappear into Billy's mouth as he sucked hard. Billy languidly ran his tongue around the edge of the head of Steve's cock feeling himself grow even harder when he heard Steve gasp raggedly in pleasure. Steve reached out twining his long fingers in Billy's wavy blonde hair, resting them there and not forcing Billy. Billy began to take as much of Steve into his mouth as he could fit wrapping his calloused hand around the rest. "Holy shit babe" Steve grunted biting his bottom lip in between soft groans.

After a minute or two Steve pulled Billy up and began unbuttoning Billy's pants and pulling his boxers down. "Let's get in before it gets cold hun." Steve said sweetly, his hand on Billy's bare hip and inching toward where Billy wanted him most. He stopped just short turning Billy around and easing them both into the tub Billy sitting between Steve's legs. Billy leaned back loving the way he rested flush against Steve's chest. He could feel Steve hard and aching against his lower back and the cleft of his pert ass. Steve caressed Billy's chest talking with a dreamlike tone in his voice, lips soft against Billy's temple. "All day I couldn't wait to tell you. Coming downstairs this morning and not saying anything about the call, was so hard. I could barely contain myself I felt like my heart was about to burst."

Steve's hand wandered a tiny bit lower down Billy's stomach as he spoke. Billy nuzzled his face into Steve's neck running his hands

across Steve's thighs under the warm water. "Well I wouldn't change a thing about today" Billy sighed. Steve finally reached down between Billy's legs, palm brushing Billy's dick. Billy whimpered overwhelmed to finally be touched where craved it. It didn't last long though with Steve's fingers sliding down his hip and between them. Billy whined but Steve shushed him gently. "Be patient I'm working on it baby." Steve's hand slid down between Billy's legs and traced his tight hole.

Billy keened as Steve easily pushed a finger in. "You were ready for me, when did you prepare? In the shower?" Steve said huskily. Steve nibbled at the curve of Billy's ear as he reached the hand not in Billy's ass, around to gently stroke Billy's thick cock. Billy got his response out between breathless pants and groans: "Yes Love, even though you make superb tacos, this is what I've been wanting all day." Billy ground down into Steve making him moan primally. Steve added a second and eventually a third finger working Billy open, careful to trace his prostate but never touch it directly. Billy's hitched breaths and desperate cries filling the room.

Eventually Billy squirmed and Steve removed his hand as Billy turned in his lap. Billy now facing Steve, kissed at Steve's full lips feeling his dick swell at the slick wet sounds of them making out. Billy pulled back and looked into Steve's brown eyes; Steve's eyes always felt like home to Billy. He could be feeling the worst things but when he looked into those eyes he felt safe and loved. "Make love to me" Billy whispered feeling his lips brush against the angles of Steve's jawline.

Steve kissed Billy's forehead before gently lifting him off his lap and placing him on the opposite end of the tub. Steve stood and got out of the tub to get two towels. Billy grabbed his champagne glass and sipped greedily as his eyes took in Steve's body hungrily, watching as droplets of water slid down his broad shoulders and back.

Steve smirked knowing exactly what Billy had been doing. He'd been with Billy for 16 years, he could read his husband like a book. Steve toweled himself off and then reached down helping Billy out of the tub before gently drying Billy off too. He then scooped Billy up bridal style and carried him to their bed. Admittedly it looked a little ridiculous whenever Steve carried him like this given they weren't very different height wise. Billy loved being held that this though

he'd never admit it.

Steve gently placed him on their king size bed and stepped back. Billy couldn't help grinning from ear to ear as Steve dropped his towel and reached down to pull off Billy's towel and throw it into the corner. Steve climbed onto the bed quickly scaling the slightly shorter Billy. Billy brought his hips up rubbing his length against Steve's hip. Steve reached over to the night stand grabbing a condom and handing it to Billy. As Steve fished the lube out of the drawer, Billy stroked Steve's cock a few times before opening the condom and rolling it on. Steve leaned down and pressed butterfly kisses across Billy's cheeks and the bridge of his nose. Steve applied lube to two of his fingers and circled Billy's hole before pressing in. Billy cried out wanting more.

Steve then stroked some lube on himself before leaning down and pressing his forehead to Billy's. Steve grabbed his dick and lined up the head with Billy's entrance. Billy put his arms around Steve's shoulders, caressing the nape of his neck as Steve pushed in. Billy cried out overwhelmed by the fullness of Steve inside of him but also craving more, namely movement. Steve panted in a way that made Billy's balls heavy with need. He stayed patient letting Steve adjust for a minute before running his fingernails lightly across Steve's shoulders and down his chest. Billy canted his hips a little bit inhaling sharply in frustration and pleasure at the stimulation the motion provided.

Steve began to slowly move his hips, shuddering with how good it all felt. Slowly pulling out and driving himself home over and over again. Billy felt him brush against his prostate repeatedly and each time caused stars to form in front of his eyes.

Steve raised one of Billy's legs from his hip and brought it to rest on his shoulder, he turned and placed a kiss on the inside of Billy's ankle. The combination of the change in angle and Steve's sweet gesture made Billy moan loudly and shamelessly. "You feel sooooo goooood inside me" Billy groaned and Steve whimpered dropping Billy's leg leaning down to suck Billy's bottom lip into his mouth.

Billy wrapped his legs around Steve's hips writhing in time with his thrusts as they kissed passionately tongues dancing. Steve cupped Billy's ass spreading him, thrusting deeper and deeper until suddenly

Billy was tumbling over the edge nails digging into Steve's shoulders as he cried out Steve's name. Billy felt the sticky remnants of his orgasm collecting between him and Steve.

Steve continued thrusting burying his lips under Billy's ear "so tight, so beautiful, love you so much" he grunted thrusting in a few more times before moaning out a ragged breath as he pulsed inside Billy his orgasm taking over all logical thought. As they came down wrapped up in each other they rolled over so they were laying on their sides looking into each others eyes. Steve begrudgingly slid out of Billy lamenting the loss of warmth and contact. He reached down and disposed of the spent condom before wrapping Billy in his arms.

Billy nuzzled against Steve's throat whispering sweetly: "You are so thoughtful baby. Today was spectacular because of you. You're going to be an amazing father Steve, I can't wait to see it." Steve felt his heart thrill images of him, Billy, and a little raven haired boy immediately filling his head. Steve pulled back looking into Billy's eyes. "I'll be nothing compared to you. After seeing you with Robbie and Maya I just know you're going to make our kid the luckiest one on the planet ." Billy grinned back wetly eyes shimmering.

The past 11 months since then had been a chaotic whirlwind but they had been the best of Billy's life. Traveling to South Korea with Steve had been an amazing experience. Meeting their son had been the greatest moment of Billy's life. Jin Soo was timid and initially afraid of them but over their two weeks in Korea he warmed up to the Harrington's bit by bit. They knew they were making progress when on the flight home Dylan Jin-Soon Harrington had taken turns sleeping peacefully on each of his dads. Now months later on Thanksgiving morning Billy had no doubts about how Dylan viewed him. Dylan had that warm soft look of relief in his eyes. Billy knew that look of peace that came over a child's face when reunited with its parents. He'd seen it many a time when Lucas or Max would come pick up Maya from their place. It wasn't that Maya didn't love her uncles, but nothing compares to the love a child has for it's parents.

Billy smiled stepping towards the crib: "Hey sweetheart, hold on I'm coming". Dylan giggled and squealed when Billy scooped him up.

Billy pressed kisses to Dylan's soft little cheeks. He inhaled the familiar scent of syrupy toddler and lavender baby soap from Dylan's bath last night. He began to change the boy into corduroy pants and a long sleeve shirt tickling Dylan's little feet before putting on his socks and shoes. Billy was in the kitchen with Dylan sat in a high chair when Steve walked in wearing a burgundy sweater that made Billy's mouth go dry. Billy was doing the old pretend the spoon is an airplane trick to get Dylan to enjoy his yogurt.

Steve couldn't help but feel a pull in his groin. Something about seeing Billy care for their son turned Steve on in a base and primal way. Billy felt the same way when he saw Steve with Dylan. He also felt a profound sense of relief. One of the reasons Billy had been so anxious about parenthood is because he didn't want to feel like the reason Steve never got to be a parent.

One night Billy had caved and told Steve his fear: "You could be with anyone Steve, you could be with with a woman like before with Nancy, you could have your own biological kids. If we get denied this adoption you're losing out because of me because you're a bisexual who's married to me, a gay man. Steve however barely seemed to have to think before responding.

"Billy that's not how it is at all. That's not how I feel, not even remotely. I can't be with someone else and have a child. I can't because I fell in love with you 16 years ago long before I had any business having a kid, and I never fell out of love with you. So I don't have a choice really, nor would I choose anybody else. You're all I want Billy Harrington. You're it for me. End game. I gave you my last name I'm not taking it back." Billy and Steve had made love so intensely that night that Billy had blacked out for a second.

Billy and Steve scarfed down their breakfast quickly and packed themselves and Dylan's into their restored vintage station wagon. They had agreed to arrive at Lucas and Max's new house in Malibu at 10am today for the large Thanksgiving gathering they had planned. The Sinclair's, including the now Henderson Erica, and their newly

minted son in law Dustin, had flown out for Thanksgiving. Steve and Billy had promised to help with the hosting and cooking duties, plus Dylan was an excellent playmate and distraction for Maya since they were close in age. As Billy steered their car up the Pacific Coast Highway admiring the way the sun glancing off the ocean, hit Steve's tanned skin. He'd glance up occasionally watching Dylan's goofy smile from the rear view mirror. All Billy could think was: How lucky we are to have ended up here.

Author's Note:

I'll love you more than Mike Loves Eleven if you comment :)